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St. from Tyrell, Nov. 1915.



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THE

DON RODERICK,

At. from Tynall, Nov. 1915.



600050749V

280 d. 308

**THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK,
AND
OTHER POEMS.**

EDINBURGH :
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

THE
VISION
OF
DON RODERICK,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

THE SECOND EDITION.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY JOHN BALLANTYNE AND CO.,
EDINBURGH :
ALSO BY LONGMAN AND CO., WILLIAM MILLER,
WHITE AND CO., AND GALE AND CO.,
LONDON.

1811.



ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Publishers have been enabled to add
to the present Edition of Don Roderick,
several of Mr Scott's smaller Poems, which,
though they have before been published se-
parately, are not to be found elsewhere in
a collected state.*



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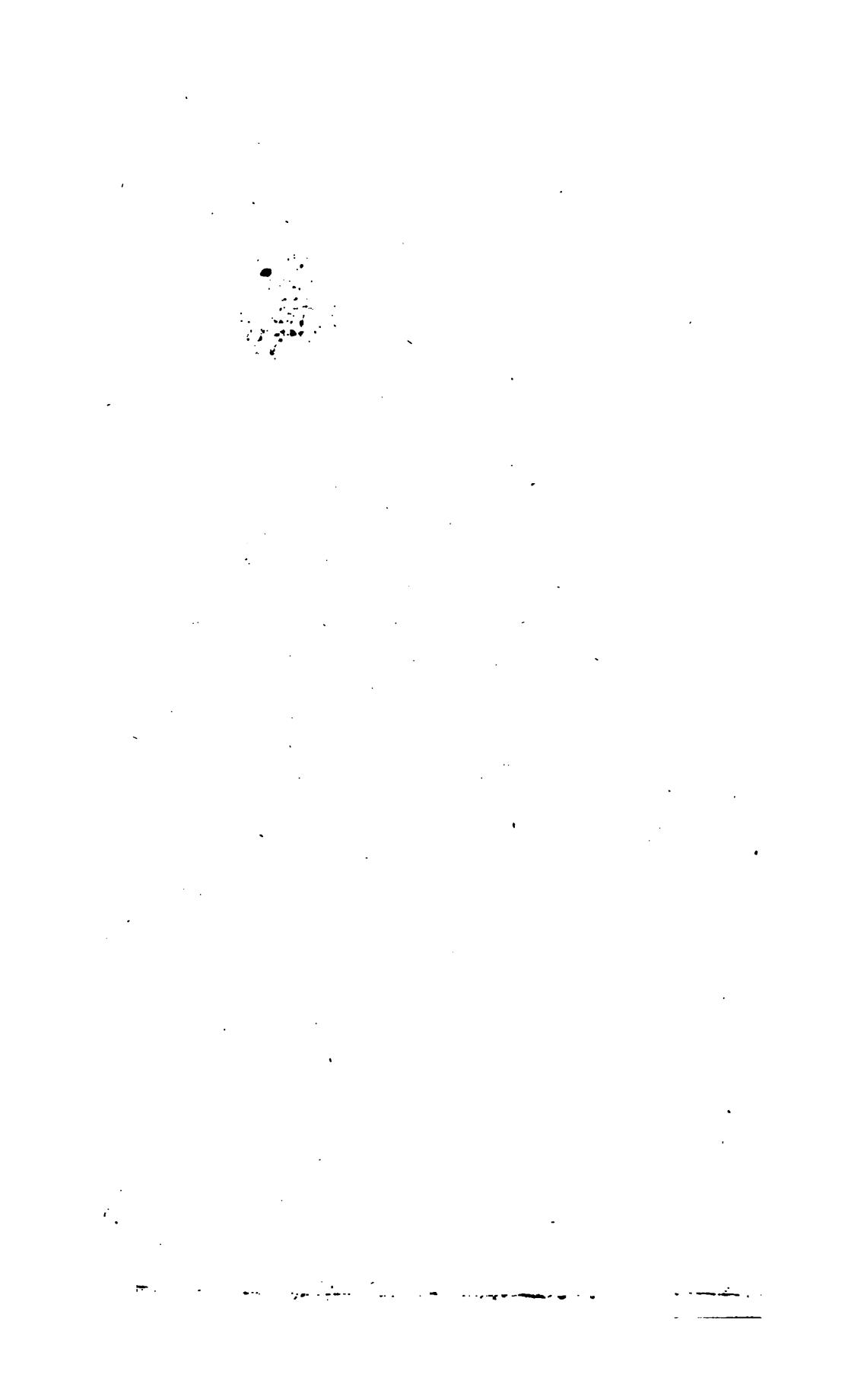
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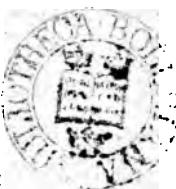
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TO
JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.
AND TO THE
**COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUEZE
SUFFERERS, IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,**
THIS POEM,
**COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND
UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,**
IS
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
WALTER SCOTT.





THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes ; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens, who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula ; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these repre-

sents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portugueze in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms ; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of BUONAPARTE ; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspecting and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succours. It may be farther proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence,

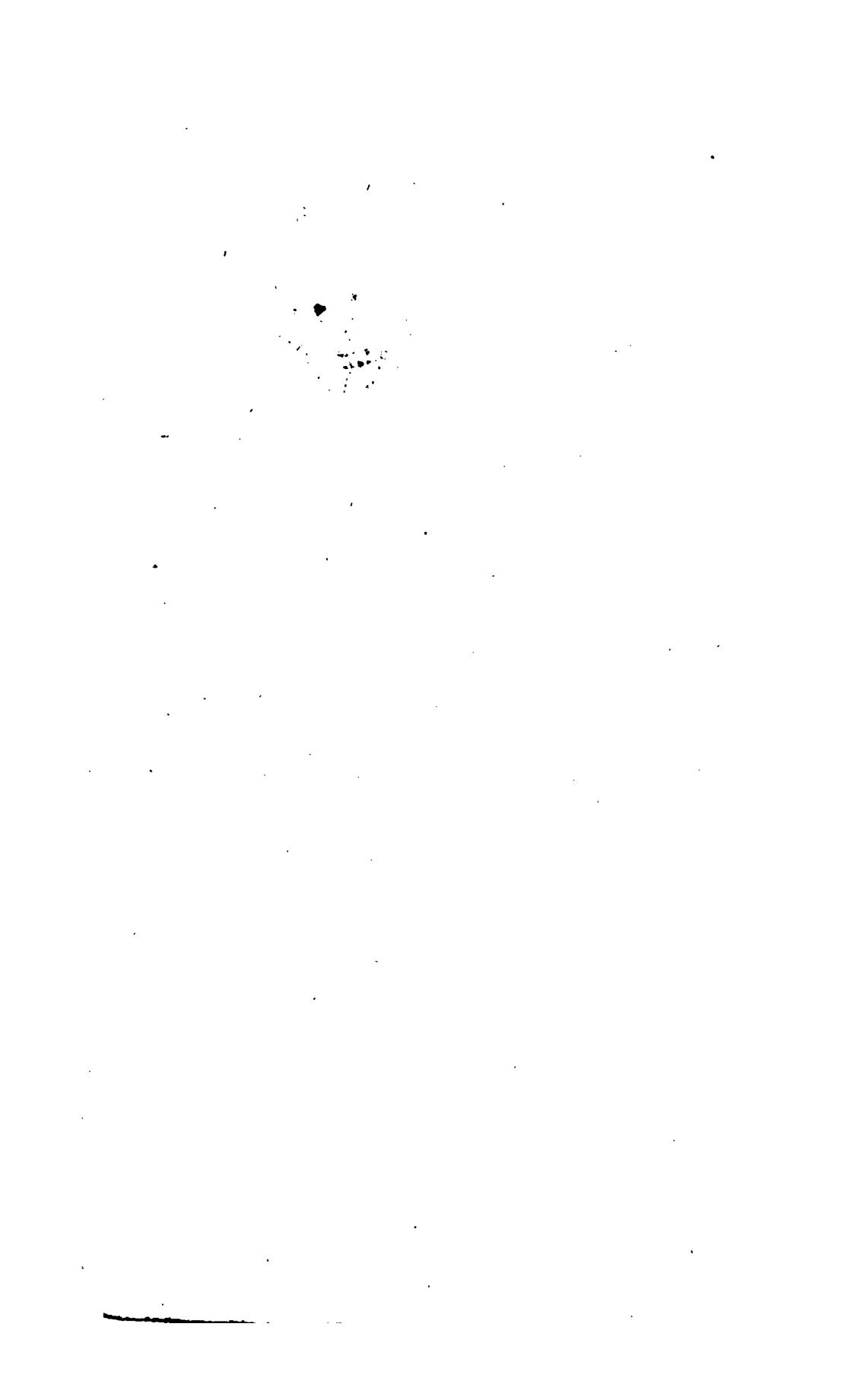
to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President BLAIR, and Lord Viscount MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life ; and I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.



THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
Vox humana valet!* — CLAUDIAN.





INTRODUCTION.

I

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war,
Or died it with yon master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star ?
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range ;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could
mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge !

II.

Yes ! such a strain, with all o'erpowering measure,

Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,

Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,

That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around ;

The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,

The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,

The shout of captives from their chains unbound,

The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,

A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,

Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,

Timid and raptureless, can we repay

The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age ?

Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last ; for Homer's rage
A theme ; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band !

IV.

Ye mountains stern ! within whose rugged breast,
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose ;
Ye torrents ! whose hoarse sounds have soothed
their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes ;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung,
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattaeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch
sung.

V.

O ! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway ;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long !
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in
song

VI.

For not till now, how oft so'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From muse or sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair ;

Careless he gave his numbers to the air,—
They came unsought for, if applauses came ;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer ;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse !—forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost :
“ Minstrel ! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire ;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due :
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles
blew.

INTRODUCTION.

VIII.

“ Decayed our old traditional lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore’s haunted
spring ;
Save where their legends grey-hair’d shepherdssing,
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

“ No ! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chaunts some favour’d
name ;

Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet ;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Graeme,
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet !

X.

" Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose ;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

“ There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native’s eye ;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles’ dearest pride,
Iberia ! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—’gainst fortune fought
and died.

XII.

“ And cherished still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine,
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign ;

Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine

With Gothic imagery of darker shade,

Forming a model meet for minstrel line.

Go, seek such theme!"—the Mountain Spirit

said :

With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obeyed.



THE

VISION OF DON RODERICK.

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Tejo's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp ;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair
lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders armed
between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold :

A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport :—
“ What ! will Don Roderick here till morning
stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away ?
And are his hours in such dull penance past
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay ?”—
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth
at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King ;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnesssing :
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly uttered to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom
wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd ;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.

While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience
shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek waxed yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the king bewray'd ;
And sign and glance eked out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
“ Thus royal Witiza* was slain,”—he said ;

* The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.

“ Yet, holy father, deem not it was I.”—
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade—
“ Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity !
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

“ And, if Florinda's shrieks alarmed the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!—
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:”—
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate
stood.

IX.

“O hardened offspring of an iron race !
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
Murder’s dark spot, wash treason’s stain away !
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his
boast ?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be
lost.”—

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow returned its dauntless gloom ;
“ And welcome then,” he cried, “ be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom !

Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Shew, for thou canst—give forth the fated-key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."—

XI.

" Ill-fated prince ! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey !
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way ;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a king, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."—

XII.

—“Prelate! a Monarch’s fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!”—The ponderous key the old man
took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gate-way bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay’d,
Low-mutter’d thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopped, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts rolled back, and the loud hinges
bray’d.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polished marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o’er with signs and characters unknown.

A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
not spy ;
For window to the upper air was none :
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim centinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place ;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seemed for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinned before the avenging flood ;
This grasped a scythe, that rested on a mace ;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering
stood,
Each stubborn seemed and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fixed was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand ;
In which was wrote of many a falling land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven ;
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
“ Lo, DESTINY and TIME ! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given.”—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away ;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and
wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in visioned prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd :
Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye :
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-embrowned by forests huge and high,
Or washed by mighty streams, that slowly mur-
mured by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
Passed forth the bands of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants filled that mystic scene,
Shewing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been ;
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard
between.

XIX.

First shrilled an unrepeated female shriek !—
It seemed as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
Then answered kettle-drum and atabal,

Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal ;
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
“ The Moor !” he cried, “ the Moor !—ring out the
Tocsin bell !

XX.

“ They come ! they come ! I see the groaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde,
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield the Koran or the sword.—
See how the Christians rush to arms amain !—
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roared ;
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
of Spain !

XXI.

" By heaven, the Moors prevail ! the Christians yield !—

 Their coward leader gives for flight the sign !

 The sceptered craven mounts to quit the field—

 Is not yon steed Orelia ?—Yes, 'tis mine !

But never was she turned from battle-line :

 Lo ! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone !—

Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine !

Rivers ingulph him !—“ Hush,” in shuddering
 tone,

The Prelate said ; “ rash Prince, yon visioned form's
 thine own.”—

XXII.

Just then, a torrent crossed the flier's course ;

 The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried ;

 But the deep eddies whelmed both man and horse,

 Swept like benighted peasant down the tide ;

And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band ;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
With naked scimitars mete out the land,
And for their bondsmen base the freeborn natives
brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to inclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line ;
Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine ;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echoed, for holy hymn and organ tone,
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering
moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick ?—E'en as one who spies
 Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable
 woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
 And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel conscience brings him bitter proof,
 His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief ;
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,
 He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV.

That scythe-armed Giant turned his fatal glass,
 And twilight on the landscape closed her wings ;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
 And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings ;

And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seemed to set,
The Imaum's chaunt was heard from mosque or
minaret.

XXVI.

So passed that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapped in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were crossed by sheets
of flame ;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deemed the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone !
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known ;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was
her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regained their heritage;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii these of Spain for many an age;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was
hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harnessed like a Chief of old,
Armed at all points, and prompt for knightly
gest;
His sword was tempered in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle-plume adorned his crest,

The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.

Fierce he stepped forward and flung down his gage,
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.

Him followed his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master sung, the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,
Yet was that bare-foot Monk more proud than
he ;
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renowned,
Honouring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly
kissed the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaisar veiled his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stooped ever to that Anchoret's behest ;
Nor reasoned of the right nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world
along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud gallies sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun or first the morn ;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,

Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul ;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl
The Hermit marked the stains, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise ;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways.
But with the incense breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire ;
The groans of prisoned victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire,
While, mid the mingled sounds, the darkened scenes
expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand ;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band ;
When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He conscious of his broidered cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perched to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became ;
For VALOUR had relaxed his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretched, full loth the weight of arms to
brook ;

And softened BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Pattered a task of little good or ill :
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille.

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
And careless saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far ;
Beneath the chesnut tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening
star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly over-shadowing Israel's land,
Awhile, perchance, bedecked with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud—
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howled
aloud ;—

XXXVII.

Even so upon that peaceful scene was poured,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And He, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offered peaceful front and open hand ;

Veiling the perjured treachery he planned,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land ;
Then, burst were honour's oath, and friend-
ship's ties !
He clutched his vulture-grasp, and called fair Spain
his prize.

XXXVIII.

An iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame ;
Who, train'd a soldier, deemed a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name ;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Recked not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came :
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form :
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor shew'd,
With which she beckoned him through fight and
storm,
And all he crushed that crossed his desperate road,

Nor thought, nor feared, nor looked on what he trod;
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not
slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade his terrors wake,
Nor deigned she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurned at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquered foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she crossed the Rubicon ;
Nor joyed she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were tasked
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon :
No seemly veil her modern minion asked,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend un-
masqued.

XLII.

That Prelate marked his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed ;
“ And hopest thou, then,” he said, “ thy power
shall stand ?
O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper’d it with slaughter’s flood ;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty’s hand !
Gore-moistened trees shall perish in the bud,
And, by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood !”—

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckoned from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rung, and heralds cried, “ Cas-
tile !”

Not that he loved him—No!—in no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joyed that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brooked they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, “To arms!” and fast to arms they
sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clenched his
dreadful hand.

XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doffed his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard awhile his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their
own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echoed from Corunna's wall ;
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall ;

Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappalled, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure ;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And trained alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to insure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure ;
While nought against them bring the unpractised
foe,
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for free-
dom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but O! they march not forth,
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroyed at every stoop an ancient reign !
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain ;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blessed the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remained their savage waste. With blade and
brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band

Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claimed for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murderous hand,
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw,
Midst ruins they had made the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What Minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the visioned strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honoured in defeat as victory !
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Shewed every form of fight by field and flood ;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,
The waters choaked with slain, the earth bedrenched with
blood !

LI.

Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honour due !
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true !
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody
tomb.

LII.

Yet, raise thy head, sad City ! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be ! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
For what thou worshippest !—thy sainted Dame,

She of the Column, honoured be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love !
And like the sacred reliques of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the blessed above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove !

LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair !
Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung ;
Now thicker darkening where the mine was
sprung,
Now briefly lightened by the cannon's flare,
Now arched with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And reddening now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darkened was the sky,
And wide Destruction stunned the listening ear,
Appalled the heart, and stupified the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be
light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.

From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear ;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flashed the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach returned the seaman's jovial cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean
come !

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing
mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.

Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with
the Laws.

LIX.

And O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave,
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid ;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset
staid !

LX.

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she :
And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine
own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with light'ning blaze :—

But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise ?

Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs
room ?

And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,

That claim a long eternity to bloom

Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's
tomb !

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,

And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil

That hides futurity from anxious hope,

Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,

And painting Europe rousing at the tale

Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,

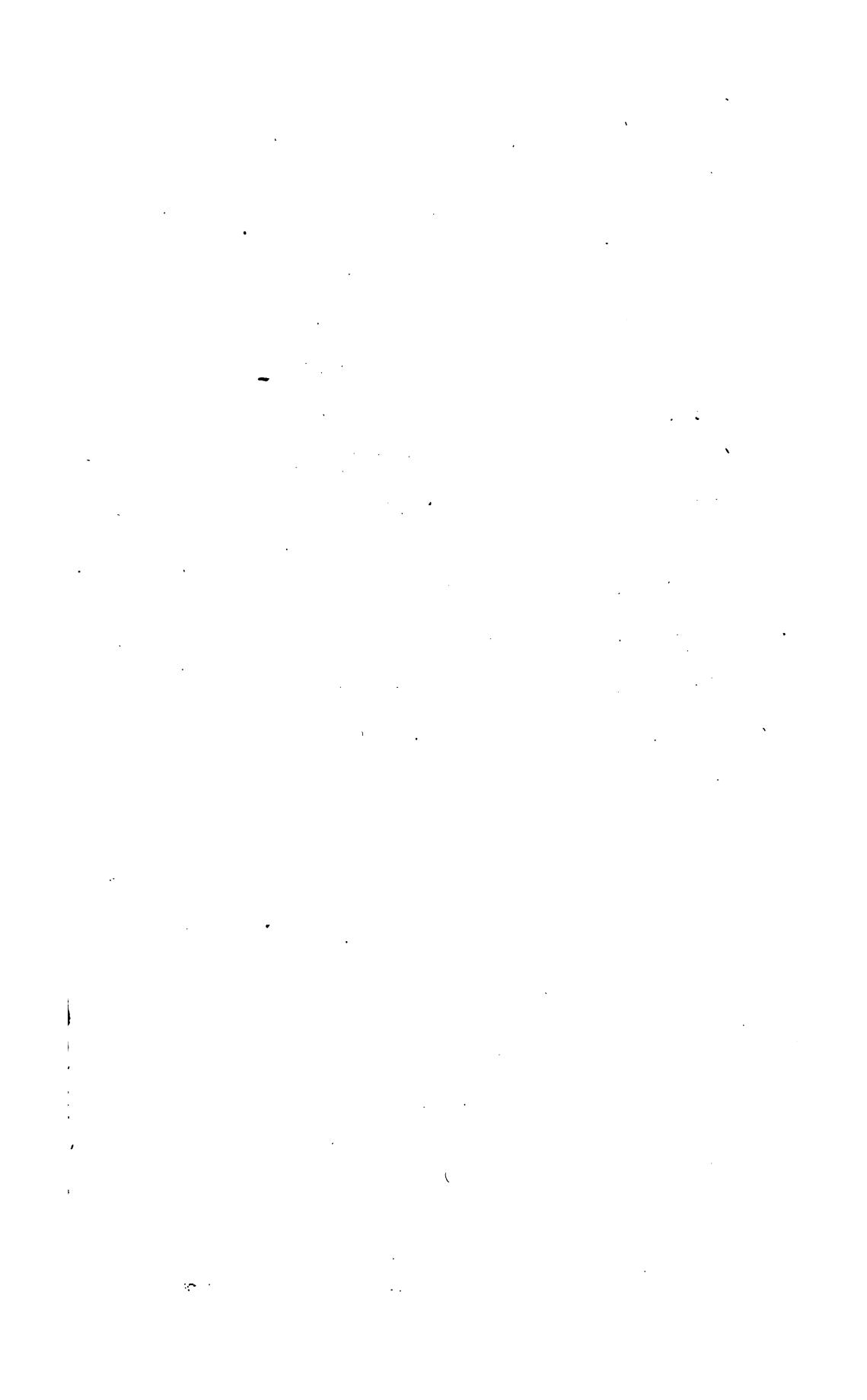
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,

And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,

To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World !

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has marked futurity her own :—
Yet fate resigns to Worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the Phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain !



CONCLUSION.

I.

“ **W**ho shall command Estrella’s mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chased, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne’s vexed gulph is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant’s cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay’s whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles’ way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

CONCLUSION.

II.

" Else, ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red cross Pow-
ers!"—

Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command !

No ! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force !
And from its base shall wheel his shattered band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood :
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might

sum

The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc
come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path, a Lion lay !
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly
fight ;
Beacons of infamy they light the way,
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight !

VI.

O triumph for the fiends of Lust and Wrath !
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors marked their wrackful path !
The peasant butchered in his ruined cot,

The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy ;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive daemons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great
name !

VII.

The rudest centinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasped his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worth-
less lay.

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscalled in vain !
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain chain ?
Vain-glorious Fugitive ! yet turn again !
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain,* asfore-doomed the stain
From thy dishonoured name and arms to clear—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here !

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid ;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar !
Within whose souls lives not a trace pourtray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !

* The literal translation of *Fuentes d'Honors*.

Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more ;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole ;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain !
And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of
heaven.

XL.

Go, baffled Boaster ! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own ;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown
By British skill and valour were outvied ;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON !
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll
abide.

XII.

But ye, the heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won ?

Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave ;
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes ! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame :
Hark ! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And red Barosa shouts for dauntless GREME !
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame !
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver
victors crown'd !

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage
steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught their sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shivered my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD !

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions rolled like mist
away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;

But when he toiled those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish, Heaven for his country's weal de-
nied—
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground ;
He dreamed mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renowned of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell !
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber owned its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learned the conquering shout
of GRÆME !

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale)
By shoal and rock hath steered my venturous bark ;
And land-ward now I drive before the gale,

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And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land.

THE END.



NOTES.



NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION.

Note I.

*And Cattraeth's vales with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harped, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung.*

St. IV. p. 19.

THIS locality may startle those readers who do not recollect, that much of the ancient poetry, preserved in Wales, refers less to the history of the principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the North-west of England and South-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the cele-

brated Aneurin, is supposed by the learned Dr Leyden to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright, &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Deiria, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, edition 1799, vol. 1. p. 222.—Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argood, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonian, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriates him to Scotland. Fordun

dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scoto-Chronicon, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelziar, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name, (*quare Tumulus Merlini,*) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shewn, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—" There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn, called Pausayl, runs by the east side of this church-yard into the Tweed ; at the side of which burn, a little below the church-yard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn-tree, was shewn me many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr Richard Brown ; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose :

When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.

" For the same day that our King James the Sixth was

crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—PENNYCUICK'S *Description of Tweeddale.* Edin. 1715. 4. p. 26.

Note II.

— *where the lingering fays renew their ring,*
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring.

St. VIII. p. 22.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation, and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

Note III.

— *verse spontaneous.*—St. IX. p. 22.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found even among the lowest of the people. It is mentioned by Baretti and other travellers.

Note IV.

— *the deeds of Graeme.*—St. IX. p. 23.

Over a name sacred for ages to heroic verse, a poet may be allowed to exercise some power. I have used the freedom, here and elsewhere, to alter the orthography of the name of my gallant countryman, in order to apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTES ON THE VISION.

For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay.

St. IV. p. 29.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors Caba, or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Chris-

tian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors. Voltaire, in his General History, expresses his doubts of this popular story, and Gibbon gives him some countenance. But the universal tradition is quite sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The Spaniards, in detestation of Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestow that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cape of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it ominous to be

forced into that bay ; for they never go in otherwise than by necessity.”

Note II.

*And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see.*

St. X. p. 34.

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvellous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified in the account of the “Fated Chamber” of Don Roderick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo’s tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate, (though very modestly,) that the *fatale palatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

“ Extra muros, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim theatri sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodericus Tolitanus Archiepiscopus, ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic *fatale palatum* fuisse ; quod invicti vectes, æterna ferri robora claudebant, ne reseratum Hispaniæ excidium adferret ; quod in fatis non vulgus solum, sed et prudentissimi quique credebant. Sed Roderici ultimi Gothorum Regis animum infelix curiositas subiit, sciendi quid sub tot vetitis claustris observaretur ; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes et arcanos thesauros servari ratus. Seras et pessulos perfringi curat, invitatis omnibus, nihil præter arculam repertum, et in ea linteum, quo explicato novæ et insolentes hominum facies habitusque apparuere, cum inscriptione Latina *Hispaniæ excidium ab illa gente immi-*
nere ; Vultus habitusque Maurorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa tantam cladem instare regi cæterisque persuasum ; nec falso ut Hispaniæ annales etiamnum queruntur.”—*Hispania Ludovic Nonij*, cap. lix.

But about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from

Grenada, we find, in the “*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Roderigo,*” a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the sage Alcayde Albucacim Tarif Abentarique, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Roderick, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the history of the Knight of the Woeful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader :—

“ One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consumes all : four *estadoses*, (*i. e.* four times a man’s height,) below it, there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut out of the solid rock, lined with a strong

covering of iron, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men :—

‘ The king who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.’—Many kings desired to know the mystery of this tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care: but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great perils, (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within,) they secured the gate with new locks, concluding, that though a king ~~was~~ destined to open it, the fated time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bold attendants whom he had brought with him entered, although agitated with fear. Having proceeded

a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The king was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the king entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the motion of the air. The king, greatly affrighted and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained sight of what was contained in it. The statue ceased to strike the floor, and the king, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall; ‘ Unfortunate king, thou hast

entered here in evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects foully degraded.' On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, 'I call upon the Arabs.' And upon his breast was written, 'I do my office.' At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round bowl, from which a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found no other thing in the hall; and when the king, sorrowful and greatly affected, had scarcely turned about to leave the cavern, the statue again commenced its accustomed blows upon the floor. After they had mutually promised to conceal what they had seen, they again closed the tower, and blocked up the gate of the cavern with earth, that no memory might remain in the world of such a portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamour from the cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground shaking with a tremendous roar; the whole edifice of the old tower fell to the ground,

by which they were greatly affrighted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

“The king having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified ; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battle-axe, signified Time ; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on his breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, ‘ I call upon the Arabs,’ they expounded, that in time Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo ; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate king would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth.”—*Historia Verdadeyra del Rey Don Rodrigo.* Quinta impression. Madrid, 1654. 4. p. 23.

Note III.

— *the Tecbir war-cry and the Lelies yell.*

St. XIX. p. 40.

The tecbir, (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty,) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:

We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal
They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend, Mr W. Stuart Rose, in the Romance of Partenopex, and in the Crusade of St Lewis.

Note IV.

By Heaven, the Moors prevail!—the Christians yield!—

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!

The sceptered craven mounts to quit the field—

Is not yon steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!

St. XXI. p. 41.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (*Gibel al Tarik*, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalusia, and took Seville. In 714 they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action :

“ Both armies being drawn up, the king, according to

the custom of the Gothic kings, when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men ; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on ; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet.

First they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords ; a long time the battle was dubious ; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the Archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers, went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The king performed the part not only of a wise general

but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse, called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed is not known : I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them ; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The king's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelite, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—MARIANA'S *History of Spain*, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her

speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

Note V.

*When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe with gay Muchacha met.*

St. XXXIII. p. 49.

The Bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Mozo* and *Muchacha* are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

Note VI.

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, “ Castile.”

St. XLIII. p. 55.

The heralds at the coronation of a Spanish monarch proclaim his name three times, and repeat three times the word *Castilla, Castilla, Castilla*; which, with all other ce-

remonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Buonaparte.

Note VII.

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.

St. XLVIII. p. 59.

Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons among the higher orders deprived of confidence in their natural leaders,—those who entertained this enthusiastic but delusive opinion, may be pardoned for expressing their disappointment at the protracted warfare in the peninsula. There are, however, another class of persons, who, having themselves the highest dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of

the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heroical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Buonaparte, and crave

Respect for his great place—and bid the devil
Be duly honoured for his burning throne,

it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those, who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigour, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated discom-

iture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily-adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month; but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, ex-

cept during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation elsewhere, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humour of severely censuring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shewn themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well, if we endeavoured first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Whether we do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than of those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from pa-

triotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way ? 3d, Whether, if it be an object, (as undoubtedly it is a main one,) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war ; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications ? Lastly, Since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the Providence of God, the valour of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be modestly questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary stupefaction which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman, who, while he had himself never snuffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed se-

verely to criticise the conduct of a martyr who winced a little among his flames.

Note VIII.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.—

St. LI. p. 61.

The interesting account of Mr Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated of with attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:—

" A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience that in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a

superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and street by street, and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight companies of sappers carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines: these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime the bombardment was incessantly kept up. ‘Within the last 48 hours,’ said Palafox, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, ‘6000 shells have been thrown in, two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.’ In the course of the siege above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last, but what they manufactured day by day; and

no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy.”——

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, “scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city ; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza ; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven ; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.”

“ When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible

to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them ; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January ; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church ; every co-

lumn, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken, and retaken ; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict, the roof, shattered by repeated bombs, fell in ; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock and their own unexpected escape occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindling fury : fresh parties of the enemy poured in ; monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."—

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence ; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Words-worth!—“ Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that, when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played ; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours') upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered ; in the gardens of their recreation ; in the street, or in the market-place ; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing, or up-rooted.

“ The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects every where, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been pro-

ved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum: let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."

Note IX.

— *the Vault of Destiny*.—St. LXIII. p. 69.

Before finally dismissing the enchanted cavern of Don Roderick, it may be noticed, that the legend occurs in one of Calderon's plays, entitled, *La Virgin del Sagrario*. The scene opens with the noise of the chace, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accord-

ingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisundo, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play we are informed, that Don Roderick had removed the barrier and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

NOTES ON THE CONCLUSION.

Note I.

*While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress ;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.*

St. II. p. 72.

I have ventured to apply to the movements of the French army that sublime passage in the prophecies of Joel, which seems applicable to them in more respects than that I have adopted in the text. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of po-

litical intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture :—

2. “ A day of darknesse and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darknesse, as the morning spread upon the mountains : a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the yeares of many generations.

3. “ A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth : the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behinde them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them.

4. “ The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne.

5. “ Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battel array.

6. “ Before their face the people shall be much pained : all faces shall gather blacknesse.

7. “ They shall run like mighty men, they shall climbe

the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one
in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks.

8. “ Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk
every one in his path: and when they fall upon the sword
they shall not be wounded.

9. “ They shall run to and fro in the citie: they shall
run upon the wall, they shall climbe up upon the houses:
they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

10. “ The earth shall quake before them, the heavens
shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and
the starres shall withdraw their shining.”

In verse 20th also, which announces the retreat of the
northern army, described in such dreadful colours, into a
“ land barren and desolate,” and the dishonour with which
God afflicted them for having “ magnified themselves to
do great things,” there are particulars not inapplicable to
the retreat of Massena: Divine Providence having, in all
ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cru-
elty and presumption.

Note II.

*The rudest centinel in Britain born,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.*

St. VII. p. 75.

Even the unexampled gallantry of the British army in the campaign of 1810-11, although they never fought but to conquer, will do them less honour in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, must always inflict upon the defenceless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were ten-fold augmented by the barbarous cruelties of the French. Soup-kitchens were established by subscription among the officers, wherever the troops were quartered for any length of time. The commissaries contributed the heads, feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiery : rice, vegetables, and bread where it could be had, were purchased by the officers. Fifty or sixty starving peasants were daily fed at one of these regimental establishments, and

carried home the reliques to their famished households. The emaciated wretches, who could not crawl from weakness, were speedily employed in pruning their vines. While pursuing Massena, the soldiers evinced the same spirit of humanity, and, in many instances, when reduced themselves to short allowance, from having out-marched their supplies, they shared their pittance with the starving inhabitants who had ventured back to view the ruins of their habitations, burned by the retreating enemy, and to bury the bodies of their relations whom they had butchered. Is it possible to know such facts without feeling a sort of confidence, that those who so well deserve victory are most likely to attain it?—It is not the least of Lord Wellington's military merits, that the slightest disposition towards marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

Note III.

— *vain-glorious Fugitive!* — St. VIII. p. 76.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the *fanfaronade* proper to their country, by which they attempt to impose upon others, and perhaps on themselves, a belief that they are triumphing in the very moment of their discomfiture. On the 30th March, 1811, their rear guard was overtaken near Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry, (who were indeed many miles in the rear,) and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed “God save the King.” Their minstrelsy was however deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

Note IV.

*Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!*

St. X. p. 77.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honor, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt to formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no ways checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay, (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman,) who command-

ed the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and, putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons ; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners, (almost all intoxicated) remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

Note V.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—

St. X. p. 77.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honor. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresistible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Buonaparte's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron, was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore the enemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massena pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account

of the attack and defence of this village, in which, he says,
the British lost many officers, *and Scotch.*

Note VI.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd.

St. XIV. p. 80.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly-important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a

military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information ; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been under-rated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honourable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

Note VII.

*— a race renowned of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.*

St. XVII. p. 82.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Græme, or Grahame. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the firths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Græme's Dyke. Sir John the Græme, "the hardy, wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tibbermuir, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killy-crankie is famous for the action between King William's forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes,

and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Grahame may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barosa.

THE END OF DON RODERICK.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PALMER.

“ O open the door, some pity to shew,

“ Keen blows the northern wind ;

“ The glen is white with the drifted snow,

“ And the path is hard to find.

“ No Outlaw seeks your castle gate,

“ From chasing the king’s deer,

“ Though even an Outlaw’s wretched state

“ Might claim compassion here.

“ A weary Palmer, worn and weak,

“ I wander for my sin ;

“ O open for Our Lady’s sake,

“ A pilgrim’s blessing win !

“ I’ll give you pardons from the pope,

“ And reliques from o’er the sea,—

“ Or if for these you will not ope,

“ Yet open for charity.

“ The hare is crouching in her form,

“ The hart beside the hind ;

“ An aged man, amid the storm,

“ No shelter can I find.

“ You hear the Ettrick’s sullen roar,

“ Dark, deep, and strong is he,

“ And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,

“ Unless you pity me.

“ The iron gate is bolted hard,

“ At which I knock in vain ;

“ The owner's heart is closer barr'd,

“ Who hears me thus complain.

“ Farewell, farewell ! and Mary grant,

“ When old and frail you be,

“ You never may the shelter want,

“ That's now denied to me.”

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,

And heard him plead in vain ;

But oft amid December's storm,

He'll hear that voice again :

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the ~~alders~~ rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

HERE is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the laird of Tushielaw, in Ettricke Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging

to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "*Fleur d'Epine*."

THE
MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining,

Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining ;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers, to see and hear,
 Seemed in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
 She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
 She knew, and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze,
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;

Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

All joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climbed the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it ! I wandered beside it,
And banned it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain ;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were
wailing,

I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my e'e,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wished that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,

Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch Keith drove the dark ocean
faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they
did rattle,

And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
 Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar ;
And, trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may
 glisten ;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween
 lovers, . . .
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro'
 the e'e ;
How often the kindest, and warmest, prove rovers,
 And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times, could I help it ? I pined and I pon-
 dered,
If love could change notes like the bird on the
 tree—

Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wandered,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through
channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame !

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and
Spain ;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou
leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,

Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Waken lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away ;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
“ Waken lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken lords and ladies gay !

Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.



THE VIOLET.

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY,

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,

On the ruined rampart grew,

Where, the sons of freedom braving,

Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger

Pluck no longer laurels there :

They but yield the passing stranger

Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE

BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION, IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE Forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine, and the dark oak-tree ;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :--
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees
That mingleth with the groaning oak—
That mingleth with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock ;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the Bard in fitful mood ;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the Bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
“ Minstrels and Bards of other days !
“ For the midnight wind is on the heath,
“ And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :
“ The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,*
“ Is wandering through the wild woodland ;

* The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lham-dearg, or Red-hand.

“ The owl and the raven are mute for dread,

“ And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty ! wake and say,

“ To what high strain your harps were strung,

“ When Lochlin ploughed her billowy way,

“ And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?

“ Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,

“ Skill'd to prepare the raven's food,

“ All by your harpings doom'd to die

“ On bloody Largs and Loncarty.*

“ Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange

“ Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;

* Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two
bloody defeats.

“ Nor through the pines with whistling change,

“ Mimic the harp’s wild harmony !

“ Mute are ye now ?—Ye ne’er were mute,

“ When Murder with his bloody foot,

“ And Rapine with his iron hand,

“ Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,

“ By every deed in song enroll’d,

“ By every chief who fought or fell,

“ For Albion’s weal in battle bold ;—

“ From Coilgach,* first who roll’d his car,

“ Through the deep ranks of Roman war,

“ To him, of veteran memory dear,

“ Who victor died on Aboukir.

* The Galgacus of Tacitus.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
“ By all their names, a mighty spell !
“ By all their wounds, by all their wars,
“ Arise, the mighty strain to tell !
“ For fiercer than fierce Hengist’s strain,
“ More impious than the heathen Dane,
“ More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
“ Gaul’s ravening legions hither come !”—

The wind is hush’d, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
“ And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
“ The foremost of the band were we,
“ And hymn’d the joys of Liberty !”

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.—1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme ;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream :
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone ;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile :
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow :
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won ;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides,
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides ;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone ;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again :
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own ;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—
“ Thy loving labour's lost ;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost :
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phoenix is but one ;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.”

EPITAPH,

**DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHE-
DRAL, AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF
MISS SEWARD.**

AMID these Aisles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward path-way which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near ;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still would'st thou know why o'er the marble
spread,

In female grace the willow droops her head ;

Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung ;
What Poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
Lo ! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourned, here Seward lies !
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

THE END.

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